FMA Loops

By: GoldenGriffiness

Father was defeated, Ametris saved, despite those they'd lost along the way. At least, that's what Edward had thought before "Waking Up." Suddenly, things are much more complicated then that... It's a big multi-verse out their, and they have forever to find- or to lose-, themselves for good. This is the Fullmetal Alchemist Infinite Time Loops Compilation.

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Ashes of Eden

Saphroneth on looping:

One person in a Loop, often the main character, is an Anchor. They are the person who first starts time looping.

There is always at least one Anchor present in a given Time Loop snippet, though it may not be the local one.

The standard pattern for a loop is that the Anchor (and whoever else is Looping there) come to awareness in a loop at a particular point in the story. From there, events will play out as influenced by the Loopers present, acting with the benefit of their foreknowledge, until either a predetermined end point is reached or all the Loopers have copped it.

To be Awake is to be aware of the time loops (that is, to have gone back in time this time.)

The Anchor is the only character guaranteed to be Awake. Even after others have started looping, it is mostly random as to whether they will be Awake this particular loop.

Crossovers, fusions, and alternate pasts can also take place. It is perfectly possible, for example, to have the characters Awaken into a loop which conforms to a fanfic universe rather than reality.

Loops do not have to be in chronological order, but it is strongly preferred that they not require a mutually contradictory order (where A must be before B and B must be before A.)

Just about every Looper is very, very stir crazy.

TV Tropes explanation for Time Loops:

" *The Infinite Loops, also known as the Innortal-style Time Loops, are an ever-expanding genre of Time Loop fanfics.*

The premise is that something has happened to Yggdrasil , the World Tree computer that contains and runs the multiverse. As a result, the various universes have been put in 'safe mode', time-looping until Yggdrasil can be repaired. Each universe's loop is maintained by the presence of an Anchor, a core person from that loop who is the first to notice their universe is looping. There is always an Anchor in a Loop.

As repairs to Yggdrasil continue, more people in each universe begin Looping as well, but are not necessarily aware participants in every Loop; only the Anchor is so blessed..or cursed. Your mileage may vary. Characters that are aware of the Loops and retain memories of their previous go-arounds are termed "Awake"."

Loop 1. (And so it begins)

(GoldenGiffiness)

Painpainpainpain.

W-where am I? His leg and arm felt dead and sore. They never hurt this bad anymore.

"Brother? Brother, are you awake?" Ed forced his eyes open, despite the light that speared into his head like hellfire. Two piercing red eyes ravaged his heart. He had just gotten used to seeing his eyes mirrored in his brother's again.

"Al?! Wha, what happened? How… but…" Something in Ed's chest cracked. "How are you back in that body?"

"Back…? Brother, are you feeling alright…?" He glanced at the stumps. "Alright, stupid question."

"I'm more worried about you right now, Al!" came the borderline hysterical response as he forced the pain to the back of his mind.

"I'll be alright, idiot!" Came the equally frantic reply. "I haven't been bleeding out!"

"At least I have a body to bleed from!" Ed choked back. "Al, how? What *happened?"*

"You tell me!" Al snapped back. "I woke up like this! And your-your leg and arm are gone. What happened to the transmutation, brother? W-what happened to us?"

It finally clicked that Al's reactions were strange. "W-wait, Al. Y-you're saying we just tried to bring back mom?"

"I think something's wrong with your head to, brother… YES."

Ed wanted to bury his face in his knees, but he had notice the stumps. And his inability to move.

"Al… What year is it?" No matter what he suspected, he was not ready for the answer that confirmed his insane theory. "D-d-d-damnit… Al, this is insane. But… I. I swear this all already happened." A migraine was starting to bud betwe en his eyes, and he was once more reminded of his lack of automail when he tried to raise the cool metal to his aching skull. He wanted desperately to sit up, but could only try to lurch to a different position and face Al more, flinching at the lancing pain the movement caused him.

"Maybe you just need sleep, Brother." Al's eyes lightened the same way normal ones might soften. "Maybe… Maybe it'll all make more sense in the morning."

Maybe the nightmare would go away if he slept. Thinking like that seemed foolish, he had encountered many a nightmare that turned out completely real. But he was too lost in pain and fear to care anymore. Gold eyes slipped shut, and the world went dark.

It wasn't a dream. The colonel showed up, just the same. Even if he acted different. Then again, he was acting different to, as was Al and Granny and Winry. He was too dazed to react or care about Mustang, and it took him days to realize the man's offer had never happened.

He had seen an endless amount of things that could be called impossible, but he refused to believe in any of the half-baked mad theories his brain came up with. Alternate universe? Time Travel? Even as a child, he hadn't been one for such fairytales.

Then what? A coma, maybe? But you couldn't feel pain in dreams. Some new homunculus? Impossible, Father was gone.

"Have I finally gone truly insane, Al?" he muttered into his pillow, fighting the tears back, before fading once more into oblivion.

It was another few weeks before he pulled himself out of his fears long enough to decide that he couldn't risk it being real when the whole country could be in danger. He shoved his trepidation to the back of his mind. "Yo! Granny."

The old women let out a breath of relief to see him in possession of a spark once more.

"How'd you feel about making me some new limbs? I'm sorta sick of floundering around like this." *Both mentally and physically.*

"Blue Group" *Terrorist organization destroys train # 04804, 59 civilians, officer Maes Hughes, and General Halcrow and family are proven casualties.*

Ed tightened his fist, crumpling the newspaper as he wept into his spare hand. He hadn't been there. He should have been.

Never again, he swore to himself.

Never again.

Loop 2- The Truth

(Goldengriffiness)

It was the second time. The second time Ed had woken up at the start. The first had not ended well, and left him hopelessly confused.

But this time, he'd do his best to fix things. He stood shakily on his automail, paced outside with Al following, looking as lost as he felt.

The trick would be getting Al into the circle without him noticing it. It was tricky, but he'd managed. The gate opened, and Truth grinned at him.

"Well well, alchemist, didn't think I'd see you again so soon. And with your brother's soul, no less. Wanna trade it back so you don't need the shiny arm anymore?"

He gritted his teeth and ignored Al's flabbergasted confusion, jabbing his finger back at his personal gate. "My personal gate of truth for my brother's body and soul. Get it over with."

The white being cackled. "...No. That's far too easy, you've clearly done it before. Come back with something else."

And then there was darkness.

Loop 3,

(A/N)- This is where we start having time jumps. These short comedy snips are in no particular order, but do happen some time before the next character starts looping.)

(GoldenGriffiness)

"Gryffindor!"

Edward jumped up moodily, ditching the hat behind him and he strode to the table to tentative applause as he massaged where the port to his automail arm should be, but was now replaced by a jagged lightning scar running around the shoulder . However novel it was for him, Al, the unawake Mustang, Hohenheim, Ling, and everyone else to be in the same year, it still stung that Roy *still* managed to be at least half a foot taller than him.

He couldn't help but snort as Envy "Homunc" was sorted into Slytherin, along with his six siblings.

Fist met face. This was going to be a fun seven years. It didn't help that the loop had decided to replace the Dursleys with Olivia Armstrong and Teacher. The only ray of light was that they were at least only living together for finances, and not actually together, because *that* would have been a scary thought.

(Loop 4)

(Goldengriffiness)

Tucker placed his palms on the transmutation circle, eyes determined. He tried to ignore his daughter's expression as lightning crackled from his hands into the circle. A chubby Ed-head megaphone appeared, slanted eyes seaming to glare into the man's soul.

" **Attention, alchemy-Toting Extremist!"**

Then the illusion broke, revealing a award on a podium and a pile of grenades.

" **And the world's worst Father award goes to Shou Tucker!"** Recorded Applause filled the room when the confetti started falling, shot from the dummy's horn.

" **Now, as your reward, a one way trip to neveerrrrlllaaand~!** "

The Tucker mansion went Boom. From Hughe's house, Elicia's new adopted sister(and her little dog to) frollicked.

(Loop 5)-Ashes of Eden

(Goldengriffiness)

Nothing scared Al more than when he Woke Up and could only feel the chill wind that scalded over bodiless souls. How could his body be gone? Again. He'd only just gotten it back!

His vision was fading in and out, like he remembered after that horrid transmutation. When his sight was finally back, at first he thought he was in a terrible, terrible was Ed, little eleven-year-old Ed, bleeding out next to the edges of the large chalk array, missing two limbs and pale as a ghost. He couldn't help but look to see that the mangled, disfigured, soulless creature meant to be their mother was there too.

Even as he begged for it all to be a dream, he scooped Ed up into his arms and went running to Pinako's, because how could he chance that it wasn't?

It hurt. He had just gotten used to running again, at least the little sprints he could manage. How the wind would beat on him, sing through his hair. What it felt like for Brother to be able to support him, touch him again. He was just getting used to how looking at Mei would cause that odd tingle in his chest.

He didn't want to be back to this. He didn't want Brother to be back to missing an arm. He couldn't feel his thudding footfalls on the

grass. The only thing he could feel was the nauseous, heavy aching of a heart that didn't exist in this body.

He managed a desperate plea for them to help Ed, and did his best to withdraw into himself after. Granny would manage, she was the doctor. And he'd wait. Either for Ed to wake up, or for him to be gone from this frightening, horrible, terrible dream.

The next day he was there, staring at Brother. He wouldn't wake for another day, he knew that. But if there was some key to this puzzle of where and when they were, Ed had to know, right? Ed always ended up at the center of these things.

At least if he talked to him again, maybe Ed could chase away the hopeless numbness that ebbed and flowed in this body. Somehow, coming back to it was worse, so much worse than the first time. His body had been weak and frail, but at least it was *his.* Not this foreign embrace of ice and steel.

He was shocked when Brother started rustling the sheets of his bed. He'd not left his side for *any* of it the first time, and those memories were seared into his soul.

"...Al," Edward muttered, his gold gilded eyes slitted in pain.

" *Brother."* With a great stolen clash Al fell to his knees. "Brother, I don't know what's happening. We're back and you're hurt again and you're not supposed to be this bad again and brother, I just g-got my body back and we aren't supposed to be here. Not like this." There was a great heave to his voice, a heaviness that bespoke tears this body refused to shed.

Meanwhile, Ed was crying too. He'd barely cried the first time it happened, his eyes had just seemed to pale and die. But now… The only times Al had seen so much life in those eyes was first when they thought they were about to see Mom again, and finally when

they had strode together out of Truth's doors. They were the eyes of a blind man who had just seen the first dapple of sunlight in his life.

"Al." He managed to lurch himself into a sitting position and lean forward after loops of practice with this verry recovery. Al rushed to catch him, only to find his brother's one arm desperately reaching to grasp him in a pitiful attempt of a hug. He lay his face against Al's cold shoulder for minutes, before turning his face up with an unbridled look of relief and joy. "Al, you're *here."*

(Loop 6) (Big Hero 6)

(Goldengriffiness, TheSilentInsomianc)

" **OW!"**

His big toe throbbing from the dolor of having a heavy piece of metal *crush it* was not something Edward Elric usually Awoke to. Especially as it was the big toe he **DIDN'T** usually have. "What the *fuck* !"

Whiiiirrrrrrrr...

Whirling around at the foreign, high-pitched noise, Ed ignored green paint shining beneath the dawn's light, ignored the very fact he woke up in a normal kid's bedroom with **both feet intact** to focu on the blob of white *something* expanding from a red, metal cube tucked away in the corner, behind the other bed.

A silver hand moved in a circle when the blob inflated into a massive, marshmallow monstrosity. Edward might've thought this was some sort of prank, or a rather amusing version of the Truth if it wasn't for the synthetic voice that came out of its bouncy, mouthless head..

"Hello," it said. "I am: Alphonse. Your personal Alchemy companion."

Edward couldn't decide on which was more disturbing: the robotic inflection of this marshmallow monster, or the words coming out of its mouth... wherever it was.

"I was alerted for your need for soap, when you said: 'fuck'," continued the gargantuan pillow.

Stifling a groan, "Al, are you screwing with me?"

"That would be: affirmative. Hello, brother."

Ed stared at him for a moment, brow twitching. He was struck dumb, and his addled mind had some trouble processing this blobby, silver creation that was not his brother. Then Edward finally broke. "Pfffffft. God, Al… you look… *too freaking cute* like this!" He crumpled. "Hahahaha!" He keeled over in another peal of laughter. "Oh God, I can't take this. I-I, haha, I, t-this is just too much! Hahahahaaa - **GAH** !"

Ed tripped on his own two feet and caused a mini-avalanche of whatever the hell this kid kept in his room. The Alchemist broke into a fierce crescendo of swearing, grumbling as Alphonse merrily continued his diagnoses. It didn't help the marshmallow monster included instructions on washing one's mouth out with soap.

(Loop 7)

(Goldengriffiness)

Edward strutted into the practical part of the Alchemy exam, having refused to take the written one again. Instead, he gatecrashed.

"Now I know I'm not supposed to be here, but I'd like to think I have some killer alchemy to show you all!" He whipped out his wand, shot off a patronus, transfigured the stands into glass, turned the uniforms

pink, and capped it off by summoning water out of thin air with a mumbled ' *Aguamenti.'*

Seeing Wrath get dangled by a levicorpus was also quite enjoyable.

Needless to say, he passed.

Mostly because he refused to change everything back unless they passed him

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(Loop 8) Are You With Me?

(GoldenGriffiness)

It was lucky Ed was there. Around the table, they ate (with the exception of Al) with gusto. Elicia was waving a spoon around her head with what the very Unawake Maes claimed was angelic intent. Ed, bits of mashed potato and pork chops peppered on his face from the girls antics, disagreed. Still, he was enjoying the very, very alive Hughes too much to complain.

This confused the non-Awake Al as well, who was staring at his brother with some confusion. Ed just raised an eyebrow unhelpfully, because telling Unawake Al about the loops had never ended well. It would just upset them both, and all progress would be lost upon reset. It was agonizing.

The quiet conversation was interrupted by a desperate scream. The brother's heads whipped around as Hughes jerked back so far his chair upturned, his hands jerking desperately to his chest where the fatal bullet had struck. His glasses fell to the floor with a crack of glass as he hit the floor.

Gracia was the first to run to him, but stumbled to a stop at seeing the raw look of fear and confusion in her husband's eyes. Worse, it seemed to be directed at *her* .

It took Ed another second to get moving, and more to realize what might have happened. Gritting his teeth, he forced his foot to hook on the table's leg as he jumped to where the older man was. He fell with a well-orchestrated crash, hands 'desperately' slamming together and hitting the floor in an attempt to transmute something. Apparently accidently, metal sprung from wood, forming a little room for Maes and himself out of a mish-mash of particles so complicated it should take Al some time to figure out the structure enough to perform alchemy on it.

He grabbed Maes with one hand and pulled his wand from his subspace pocket, before apparating them away with a great crack.

They appeared on a beach, on the same one Al and Ed had spent a month on as children. Ed helped the sprawling terrified man to a sitting position, tightly grasping his shoulders to keep him steady as his breaths began to deepen.

"Snap out of it Hughes," Ed muttered. "You're not there, Envy can't hurt you. You're fine, you're fine, you're fine." He repeated time after time, like a mantra. He let go of one of the older man shoulders to stick his wand into his subspace and summon a calming draft. "Drink this."

Hughes didn't have the strength to argue, and gulped the concoction down. Ed was none too surprised when the man's eyes slid shut minutes later. He helped lay him back, before going to find materials to transmute a bed. He'd been ready for other loopers, anticipating the first native showing up in his loop even. But this was never what he would have expected. He'd seen the body before, as he tried and tried and tried, and failed again and again, to save the man every new loop. If it wasn't Envy, it was Lust or another homunculus. If he found a way to eradicate them all, then it could be anything.

After he'd created a bed and little hut for Hughes with magic and alchemy, he made himself a hammock and waited for the dedicated father to wake up.

He was grateful to see the man, and happy not to be alone besides Al in these damned home loops anymore. The unawake Al already was treating him like a stranger every loop, for the little quirks he's lost or gained over time he certainly didn't have when learning to cope with his automail.

But this… What would happen to Hughes? Would the loop's stubborn habit of killing him in what felt like the most violent, heartrending ways available stay intact? Was this the fault of their admin, whoever that might be? He had been told that there was a great mix of them, with differing attitudes and temperaments, and not all of them benevolent.

He shook off the slightly murderous intentions from his mind when he heard Hughes' low call. He dropped from the hammock and ran over. There were more important things right now.

"Hey Hughes," Edward said helplessly.

"Edward, what the hell is going on?" Hughes said, sounding lost. "I… I think I died?"

"Uh… yeah. You did. But you're back… Have you ever read any of those old stories about time travel…?"

"Yeah, once or twice… Why?" Hughes bit out bitterly at Ed's awkward attempt at calmness. "Fullmetal," The man's uncharacteristic use of his title hit Edward liked he'd been slapped. "The last thing I remember is being left to bleed out after someone who looked like my wife shot me. What. The *HELL.* Is happening!?"

Edward stepped back, voice coming out in something that sounded both like 'timeloops' and a squeak.

"I'm serious, Fullmetal. Explain. That's a order."

Edward drew in a hitched breath. He desperately wanted to spring forward and hug the man, incredibly grateful to have another looper

here. But this was the man's first loop. He reminded the blind terror of his own first loop. "Can you promise to believe me, Hughes? Or at least wait for me to show you proof?"

The man sighed tiredly. "Alright, fine."

And so Edward told him. He pulled his wand out to show him some spells, hoping the man didn't assume it was some form of alchemy he did not understand. He apparated. He pulled out his Hub laptop, showed him some of their episodes, and capped off with the standard 'welcome to the multiverse' speech.

"I've already been around for a good hundred and fifty loops, Maes," Edward finished tiredly. No use dancing around the subject. "Every normal one, I've tried and tried to stop you from dying. Usually, it's Envy, the skimped-up, gender-ambiguous prick who can shapeshift. Otherwise, it's Lust. I think you've met her too, the one with the freaky fingernails. I've gotten rid of the lot of them, but it's always something." He gritted his teeth. "Every. Single. Fucking. Time. And I don't know if it'll stop now. I just want you to know that, if you do die, you *will* wake up again in a new loop."

He looked up tiredly, having averted his eyes as he'd mechanically continued. The man's shoulders and head were slumped, trails of damp down his cheeks. With a quiet grace the Edward that Maes had known certainly lacked, the blond walked forward and placed his flesh-and-blood hand on his friend's shoulders. The eyes the teen used to look at him were old and terribly tired.

"I'm so sorry, Hughes." As a man who had been forced to tell many loved ones that someone had died, he recognized the tone. The tone of someone tired of seeing, and speaking of, death.

But he was still a child in Maes' eyes, and he couldn't help but feel he should be strong for him. The older man pulled the blond into a hug with a sharp intake of breath. "Again and again," fists clenched. "And I'm not strong enough to save you."

"You have nothing to be sorry for, Ed," the man choked back tiredly. Edward ended up sobbing into the man's shoulder for far too long. Time stretched on.

When he was finally done, Hughes was the first to speak. "So, what now?"

"Well," Ed said tiredly. "I might stay here. If I go back Al will just see something's wrong and it'll all go to hell. You learn real quick that if you don't take the time you need, you turn real useless real fast, or start going stir-crazy, or get Sakura Syndrome. I'd advise you stay with me. It… I wanted to try it some time - see what happens if I remove you - but I can't just kidnap your unawake self. That's crueler than letting things go on as normal."

"Thanks for that," Maes said earnestly. "I don't think I can just leave everything to burn though, Ed, can't we stop it?"

"I can remove the homunculi from the equation. The problem is that Bradley is a homunculus, and removing him usually requires a lot of hands-on damage control for me, or the following war for power makes Ishbal - yes, I've been there, I end up in Roy's shoes sometimes, I've met you in the academy - look like a playground argument. The way that leaves it the most stable is to implement Hawkeye as Führer, and that involves a loop where Mustang is out of the equation." He waved his hands at Maes' expression, "Hey, I never did that intentionally!" He continued, " I have taken the post successfully in the past, but it's a huge pain in the ass, especially how all my work gets reset! Plus you can imagine Colonel Bastard's reaction."

"Alright," Maes blinked. "...can I ask how a teenager can be Führer?"

"A really impressive resume and a good portion of the populace threatening to follow me anyway. It wasn't even intentional, the first time. I just tried to fix all the problems I could: hunger, the common cold, reveal the homunculi, et cetera." He looked at Hughes' incredulous look. "What? I get bored!"

Loop 9 (Directly after 8)

(Goldengriffiness)

Ed tiredly looked up, eyes widening when it wasn't Roy there to greet them, but a grim-faced Maes Hughes. Unlikely Variant, or did Hughes finally Wake Up again?

"Heh, this all you Woke me up for, Granny?" He'd been squirreled away in his room, digging various out-of-loop cures from his subspace pocket to speed the healing of his limbs and numb the pain.

"I certainly wasn't ready for this rude Awakening when I got here," Hughes said tiredly. "A boy messing with alchemy this serious? Roy Mustang would have come, but there were unforeseen issues. Honestly, I feel totally out of my league."

' *Issues you clearly caused. Good job, Hughes, you learn fast.'*

"Who's this Royce Hoarse person?" Edward asked, feigning grumpiness. He hated this part of the loop. If he could walk he could have stopped time with a crystal from the 'Molly Moon' universe and got them out of there, but he was helpless without his prosthetics, and he doubted Maes had gained power since he last saw him, judging by his lost expression.

He had been away from the island when Envy and tracked them there. They hadn't hidden well enough. Ed hadn't been prepared for what he had found. It had been clear Envy had tried to torture his whereabouts out of the man.

And Pinako wasn't going to let someone in the military alone with her ward after his recent traumatic experience. He needed them to make his automail, and so stunning and obliviating Pinako and Winry was out of the question. He wanted to spend this loop trying to avert

Hughes' fate again. And the attempt wouldn't be half-assed this time. Maybe Xing… and/or the Fidelius charm…

(Loop 10)

(Goldengriffiness)

"This is maddening, Edward," Hughes said tiredly, sitting on the cold chair in the cafeteria. "I can't imagine doing this another time, let alone a dozen or a hundred more."

"You gotta learn to live with it. It'll get easier when you get a Fused Loop and get to play around more, I promise.",Ed said tiredly. "I've also heard from Hiccup, a friend, that it gets better when more people start Looping. The best way to get someone to start Looping is to hang out with them and sort of… invest yourself, even if it hurts. I think that's why you're here. When I found out Truth wouldn't accept my alchemy anymore, I focused on saving you. Truth won't take the same answer for Al twice." He wanted to collapse. "I also got a note from our Admin before, but no information on who it is. It said that we have to adhere to the basic flow of events sometimes, or the loop becomes unstable. I'm relatively a young looper." He chuckled mirthlessly. "And my Subspace Pocket is small. There might be ways around any number of the shit in our Loop, but it might be a good hundred years for us until we get that far."

"So we endure?" Hughes rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Ed, sometimes I loop in before Elicia is even born. I see how the changes in me change how she grows. See my wife worry, and then lose it all again when I die again. Seeing that is harder than any death."

"I know, I promise." Ed said tiredly. "But if you stay with them, they will hopefully Wake Up. It may take awhile, but try to bear with them. Try to bear with *me* . In the meantime, we need to take a break

before we go batshit insane. Trust me, I've been close. How would you feel about getting Winry to become Führer this loop?"

"..What have we done?" Ed stared at Central, at the Heart of Automail-opolus, Automail capital of the world.

Loop 11 (FMA/Madagascar)

GoldenGriffiness

It was the promised day. Father sat on his throne, glad for the time, even if he did not show it.

That is, until a disco-ball lowered suddenly into the room and a song that would make many loopers run and hide started playing. Edward appeared with a microphone. What was a sacrifice doing here?

' *I like to move-it move-it!'*

' *He likes to move-it move-it*'

' *We like to…. **move it** !"*

The homunculi appeared, faces blank from the imperius curse as they served as back-up singers and dancers.

Alright, maybe this had been because he had lost a bet with Hughes. Even still, the expression on Father's face as he warred with himself to stay emotionless eased the last few loop's crap out of his system.

Time to see if you could kill Father by forcing him to commit suicide from over-exposure to catchy tunes.

(Loop 11+)

(Custodator,Edited by BIOS-Pherecydes)

Maes Hughes sighed, his eyes glaring at the accursed sand of Ishval, all the while replaying the information he gained from what loopers called The Hub Loops in his head. And he didn't like it one bit.

Fullmetal always avoided his question or changed the topic whenever he asked him how his family ended up doing after his demise, just saying 'They were fine.'

Hah, they were fine? There was nothing fine in the voice of his little Elicia's plea to let him out of the coffin to go to work, nor his beautiful Gracia's river of tears as they buried him six feet under.

He swallowed another gulp of water before he stood up and started walking toward Amestris' military camp. Fullmetal had enough problems trying to save Amestris and her people, he shouldn't let his fated demise plague Fullmetal any further if he could do something about it.

He was a survivor of Ishvalan Civil War, his hands soaked in blood long before Fullmetal even learned how to draw his first Transmutation Circle, it was time he tried to rebel against his fate on his own. And he wouldn't allow anyone who dared make his family cry to die by anyone else's hands.

"Archer, sugar, oliver, then eight, eight, zero," Maes said into the phone without resorting to his notes while still holding his injured shoulder. "Damn, I really need to work on my speed and dodging."

"I need you to put down that line, sir," a feminine voice stated from behind him, accompanied by the sound of a gun cocking. He let the line fall loose to hang in the air and let the momentum of his falling right hand knock his concealed knife free.

Which he then threw at the person behind him with extreme prejudice.

He looked carefully at the limping body of not Maria Ross and saw with satisfaction that her mole was still missing.

"Alright, that's one obstacle down," he grinned, before wobbling a bit from his blood loss.

"This is Colonel Roy Mustang, and please Hughes, be serious this time, I'm not in the mood to listen to your antics," the voice of Roy Mustang rang out of the line that was still hanging in the air.

"Right! Roy! You've got to listen to me, the plot behind our-!"

Gun fire rang out behind him and he felt pain in his abdomen. Maes stumbled a bit and looked back at the no longer limping body of his murderer.

"You think I would be out that long? I'm not Lust, I can regenerate faster than her! Human!" Envy said with a grin as he pull the trigger again.

Maes stared at the desert of Ishval.

"...AGAIN!"

Maes throw several more knives at the disguised Envy before he drew a military issue saber out of the scabbard by his side and impaled Envy through the head, leaving the saber lodged in the floor.

"HEH! Serves you right!" Maes Hughes shouted in triumph.

Just before Envy's body began coursing with red lightning, leaving a giant green monster standing before him.

"Oh, you cheating bas-!"

Both he and the phone booth were quickly flattened.

"AGAIN!" Maes shouted.

He threw several dozen throwing knives at Envy before he carved open Envy's chest and plucked his Philosopher's Stone out with a wet squelching sound and proceeded to stomp on it until it broke. Envy's body struggled a bit longer before it finally gave out.

All in all the process lasted just under 30 seconds.

"HAH! I got you this tim-!" something latched at him and he found himself struggling to control his body.

"HAH! You caught me by surprise, but now I can do something even more fun with your body-" Envy gloated. But cut off abruptly as Maes fought back his control and pulled the grenade's pin under his uniform.

"AGAIN!"

Maes proceeded to pierce Envy's chest with his knife, followed by his hand, before unloading several dozen of the grenades stored in his Pocket into Envy's chest and pulled one of its pins.

He hit the dirt for cover as the high explosive went off against Envy's philosopher stone, point blank.

He waited tensely with another primed grenade, the safety lever held firmly in his hand.

Nothing came out of Envy's body.

"YES! I survived this at las-!" He was unable to speak any further as he felt his torso pierced by something from behind. He managed to

look back to identify Lust as the one who had done the deed with her long black fingers.

Another of which she had aimed directly at his head.

"Oh, you gotta be shi-!"

"I HATE THOSE MOTHER****ING HOMUNCULI AND THAT MOTHER****ING PHONE BOOTH! I'M SERIOUS!" Maes threw his profanity at the empty desert, startling his nearby comrades and the Ishvalans that were waiting to ambush the Amestris' military base. Ended his loop in record time.

"THERE'S NO WAY YOU ARE MARIA ROSS! BECAUSE SHE ALWAYS WORE TINY MINI SKIRTS!" His best friend's dream may not have been appropriate in this situation but he was starting to run out of ideas.

"THREE DAY OLD USED SOCK THAT HASN'T BEEN WASHED!" Maes proceeded to smash Envy's nose with a fist still covered with said biochemical weapon.

Envy's blind fire still killed him, but the satisfaction of hearing Envy's disgusted retching made it all worthwhile.

The sounds of a mini-nuke going off could be heard clear across Central.

"And that's what I was doing before I decided to just unload every Holy Handgrenade I could manage to find on that park. The result is interesting I have to admit. If you pull the pin of only one out, the rest just fly everywhere across Amestris after the first one goes off," Maes-chan said as she sighed. "I...I'm sorry."

Only the swearing of death threats from Ed-chan could be heard from the Eiken Club.

(Loop 12)

After an unusually trying loop full of Mustang being obnoxious, Edward smirked happily at the *very* displeased colonel before donning his stolen gloves, swaggering into the heavy rain, and snapping his fingers.

Fire lanced above his palm, oblivious to the steady rain. The Impervious charm was too much fun to use on the man after a stressful loop. Variants where they ended up switching places had to be good for *something* , after all. As an Anchor, he was guaranteed more practice time than the man with the colonel's speciality, even if Roy eventually started looping.

He hoped he wouldn't. An Awake Roy going after Envy was not a pretty prospect.

As always, Mustang's expression was absolutely priceless. There would be pensive photos later. *Lots of them.*

(Loop 13) FMA/Aristocats

(Goldengriffiness)

"Cause everybody wants to be a cat~

Cause the cat's the only cat who knows how to swing~

Yeah, everybody's picking up on that feline beat'- cause everything else is obsolete~"

Al jumped excitedly and joined right in , tail wagging like a happy puppy's. Edward stuffed his head under a pillow with a growl until only his malicious eyes and lashing tail were visible. He hated the musical world. He hated them, he hated them, he hated them all. He spent the rest of the song thinking about how to skin the furry creatures in horrible ways.

(Loop 14) FMA/MLP

(Goldengriffiness)

Hell no.

Edward's eyes twitched. It was about time, somewhere in this damned multiverse, that a Loop could go by without someone, *somewhere* , managing to insult his stature.

Clearly, this Loop was not it.

He was standing in front of what seemed to be a rainbow-maned, pristinely white, sun-butted, unicorn pegasus pony princess.

Who had the phrase "My little ponies" so deeply engraved that as her student, he'd heard it daily according to his loop memories.

The look on the Unawake Celestia's face when Edward's eye began twitching and he let out a low growl that could only be summed up by an angry mother Ursa Major was interesting, to say the least.

" **WHO THE HELL ARE YOU CALLING SO SMALL A BREEZIE COULD MISTAKE HIM FOR HIS LONG LOST DWARF OF A CHILD WHO DUE TO REASONS NEVER GREW PAST THE SIZE OF A EIGHT-DAY-OLD?"**

Beside Steelshine Array the unicorn, Alphonse the baby dragon snorted, marveling at what Looping had done for his brother's

creativity in short-rants.

Summary:

Active Loopers:

Edward Elric (Anchor)

First Loop Power: Wizardry (Harry Potter)

Alphonse Elric (Looper 1)

First Loop Power: Wizardry (Harry Potter)

Maes Hughes (Looper 2)

First loop Power: Soul Reaper/Shinigami (Bleach)

Note- Thus far, ALWAYS dies in home loop and usually in variants, no matter what anyone does to try and stop it.

(A/N. FMA loops are active and growing! If this confuses you or your interested in getting a more thorough understanding of the giant looping universe, I suggest looking up the TV Tropes Page.)

Flightless Bird

(Loop 15)- (Have I Found You, Or Have I Lost You?)

(Goldengriffiness, TheSilentInsomniac)

Red.

Gold.

Black.

Roy blinked, eyes raking over his surroundings. Swirling light speared into him.

He could *see!*

Confusion settled in when his vision cleared. The maelstrom of colors straightened into banners of red, gold, and black. Flags he could barely recognize, each emblazoned with a symbol that tickled him - teased him. He could've sworn he'd seen them before from somewhere. A snake curled around a cross, adorned with a crown and a pair of wings.

Long banners dropped down from the ceiling of the great chamber, lining what would've been dull, monotone concrete between windows as massive as they were ornate. The redolence of expensive linen pervaded the air, effusing the room with an aroma of grandeur and importance. A theme that Grumman never particularly favored.

A stench, Roy would rather think, associated with the members of the royal family.

This didn't make any sense. Though he was king, Bradley rarely used the throne room. Even if he had - even if he and his advisers

spent enough time in here to impregnate the place with royal perfumes, why did it smell so… fresh? Why did it -

Figures cloaked in red and silver filled the room. Lined even the steps ascending to a gold, plush throne, where the Führer would have sat and entertained foreign delegations. Every one of them stood attentively, gripping rifles with all the discipline and rigor of Olivier Armstrong's soldiers.

His vision finally clearing away all the blurs, straightening the edges, and adding form to what used to be formless blobs of ambiguity, Colonel Roy Mustang found himself standing in the middle of the group, poised with as much attention and care as -

All the round faces flapping their tongues at him.

Slanted eyes glaring straight into his own.

Outrageous expressions that jeered at him. Poked at him.

And they were **everywhere** .

The back of the uniforms.

The front of the uniforms.

The sleeves, even the beret!

Roy's first instinct commanded him to break this delicate decorum and raise his gloved hands. Uncertain, confused, and disoriented, he needed something to give him the comfort of security and power. He glanced at the white fabric, ready to release the breath he'd been holding as soon as he saw the perfected array of Berthold Hawkeye etched -

" *DUMMY."*

Roy Mustang could only stare at the goofy face glaring back at him, with that ridiculous expression, that stupid tongue, and that *insulting*

caption etched in the same, red ink of his gloves.

W… w-w-what?

What was…

He felt himself crumbling inside.

What was this **madness** ?

This was a dream, he told himself. This had to be a dream. It could be nothing else **but** a dream!

Could dreams feel this vivid? Feel so **real** ? He pinched himself. Spikes rammed Roy's chest as his breathing quickened. He wasn't waking up.

Why wasn't he waking up?

"ROY MUSTANG!"

The name rang out throughout the entire room, almost echoing in the sheer silence. Snapping out of his stupor, the Colonel -

"We call **General** Roy Mustang forward to address His Majesty, the King!"

G-G… General?

He was a **General** ? Since, since when - no! This was *not* the perfect time to bother himself with these questions. He glimpsed - he felt every eye in the room ogling him, watching his every step. The King was waiting for him, and for a man of his apparent position to utterly disrespect him…

Dream or not, he had to comply.

Colonel - no, *General* Roy Mustang broke formation. He took a step forward, turning into the aisle. He wore his best poker face and

forced himself forward in as sedate a manner as he could handle. And when the throne finally came into sight...

Edward Elric lounged like a king on cushions of plush red velvet. A master tailor in the city had morphed his usual coat into a regal cape tipped in gold embroidery. Seeing a gold crown beset with the finest jewels of Amestris - was *that* the famous Armstrong Diamond embedded at the very center? - baffled Mustang. Führer King Bradley had **never** worn a crown. Yet somehow, someway, Ed had accomplished the impossible and found one anyway.

He even had a **freaking** spiked and gem-studded circlet. Silver, to match his automail.

The General did not even realize how long he had been staring at Fullmetal with his mouth struggling to reach the floor until a sharp cough broke through his stupor.

"Ed, I, *think* you might have broken him a bit **too much** this time."

Roy's eyes shifted, heart clenching when he watched the speaker emerge into view. He began stammering, "H, H-Hyu…"

He focused on the amused face.

" H, H-Hu..." The face of someone long dead

"H-H- **Hughes** ?" He croaked. He repeated the name, as though praying. "B-but - no, it can't be - this, this isn't possible. Hughes, is, i-i-is that, ree, really - "

Roy stumbled back and tripped over his own feet.

Ed's eyes widened. To his surprise, the boy reached into nothing and dragged out an ornate, wooden stick. " *Accio* , Colonel Bastard!" From **nothing. "** Hughes, come here!"

It was like something grabbed him and dragged him forward. He felt a hand meet his shoulder, and then it was like being squeezed

through a pipe. He came out of the *weird - wrong - freaky sensation* gasping, feeling sand through his thin gloves.

"I don't think he wants to hear from me right now. Maes, care to explain? I need to go back and Obliviate some people before anarchy happens. Again."

Hughes cracked open that familiar grin and gave Fullmetal - no, gave the " *King"* a salute. "Of course, your **high** ness. I can't keep you from working your 'magic' and-"

"Hughes, cut it. I think he just *Woke Up.* Your turn to explain."

He sighed. "Well," he muttered, peeking at Mustang's dumbfounded mien. "I *did* say he might've been broken by this one." Maes Hughes fixed the collar of his uniform and cleared his throat, capturing Roy's full attention before he could start staring at that face again. "Roy."

The Flame Alchemist flinched. "...Hughes? Is that, really you?"

"Yes." He nodded. "It's me. I'm alive. Ask me any question you want as proof. It's good to see you." Hughes would hug the man, if he didn't look like he'd shatter if he was so much as brushed with a finger.

Fire returned to Roy's eyes. Regret seeped in momentarily, but he banished it away in a second. If this was truly the real Maes Hughes in the flesh, he prayed he'd forgive him for using this. "Glad to hear that then," he said. "Because two weeks ago, Major Armstrong came to my residence, asking if it was all right for him to court Gracia. He told me he couldn't bear to see her alone and-"

Hughes' eyes sparked with lightning. "He wants to **what!"**

"Gracia broke down after the funeral. She's changed a lot after you died." A humorous chuckle escaped his lips. It was a deliberate move. "Who knew Alex could be so sensitive?"

"Never!" Hughesgrowled. "I'll *kill him* before he flexes those muscles in front of my darling!" Without skipping a beat, he fished out a photograph of Gracia from his pockets. "Go after you, will he? Ohhh, I promise you, honey, when Ed gets back, he'll *regret* even thinking of-"

A loud crack interrupted his scheming. Ed was back, staring at the two. "The hell did I miss? I thought Colonel B. was meant to be the broken one here. Did you at least make sure he's Awake?"

"EDWARD!" He turned to Elric, tears glistening in his eyes. "We got to do something about Armstrong, quick! Roy says he's got the hots for Gracia. I can't let him even *think* of having her. It's unforgivable!"

"The **fuck** , Roy?" Ed massaged the bridge of his nose with two fingers. "You see your friend again for the first time in… whatever the hell it was baseline, and screw with his head. Hughes, Gracia has no interest in dating past your death and hasn't in any loop I've been around for, I promise. Roy, my pity for you is quickly wilting, so pull your head out of your ass."

For the first time in *ages* , Roy Mustang laughed. This **was** Maes, in the flesh. No illusion - no imposter could ever hope to replicate that ludicrous reaction. "I'm sorry. It was the first way I thought of to make sure."

To make sure he wasn't dreaming.

To make sure this was all real.

"Ha ha. Hilarious. Maybe I won't give you this." Ed said dryly, waving his god-blessed normal uniform under his nose. "The hell didn't you just ask for a picture of Elicia? Half of his pocket is filled with a good half-million of them."

Roy smirked, unable to suppress the giddy feeling in his chest. "Because any skilled con artist worth his salt could easily fill his pockets with them."

Edward snorted. "Hughes, you're slacking." He turned to Roy. "No, Roy. We have *special* pockets. Speaking of…" He reached his strange stick into that nothingness again. " *Accio* , waterproof ignition gloves."

Waterproof? He repeated in his head. An innovation like that didn't-

He tossed them into Roy's face. "Happy birthday, you bastard. Good to have you. Wish Al was here to join the party, but he isn't Awake this loop."

The Flame Alchemist discarded those… ridiculous gloves… and slipped on Edward's gift, almost half-expecting it to be another prank. A second later, the confident and talented officer was back, and now he only wanted one thing.

Knowledge.

"Fullmetal," he said, his cadence taking on the authoritative tone worthy of his reputation. "I'm unfamiliar with the terminology you're using, and - I'm sorry to say this, but Hughes didn't exactly explain to me why he's alive, or how you're violating all known laws of alchemy with a *stick* and a hole of **nothing** ."

Edward grimaced. "Why do I always have to do this? I take it Hughes won't be talking to you after that stunt, huh?"

Maes turned away and huffed.

He sighed. "Fiiiine. Let me get the projector."

"This is insane," Roy muttered.

"Be glad we're here. I didn't have anyone but the Truth, who laughed at me and pretty much told me to shove a pie in it," Edward fumed. "For a good ten Loops. Plus I Woke up for the first time, right after we tried to bring Mom back."

Right after? Clarity shone on his face. That meant...

Ed caught on. "It was **not** enjoyable. I didn't have the luxury of thinking it was bull."

"Yeah," Maes added. His frown matched Ed's seriousness. "Kid's got it worse than the both of us combined. Roy, I'm not going to be around that much longer this loop, so we should talk while we can. Things are... complicated."

"Complicated, you say? It doesn't seem plausible for anything to be more complicated than what Elric just told me."

"Better to rip off the bandage," Ed muttered, once more invoking the spell he seemed addicted to. Roy made a mental note to ask Edward to teach it to him, hopefully at the right time so he wouldn't lord it over him. " *Accio* , 'notes on Hughes'." A large flock of thin notebooks launched themselves at Ed, who stepped out of the way in the last second. He grabbed the very first one and handed it to Roy, who opened it warily.

The first line of the page was enough to send a wave of apprehension over him.

" *No matter how many of these repeats I go through, this keeps happening! So I'm going to record every single time. Maybe then, I can find a way to solve this,"* Mustang read the first entry.

I managed to axe the damned palm tree early. The others hid better after that. I also got Al and I to stay there. It seems to center around one day. He stays late at work, then Gracia gets the call and someone who isn't a sacrifice gets blamed.

He flipped through the book to another random entry, a ball of dread gathering in his chest.

Tried a skiving snackbox to get him to stay home sick that day. Somehow, he's deathly allergic. The hell?

Skipped ten pages.

Polyjuiced and copied him. Went into work for him. Almost got sliced up by Lust. Came back and he was gone. Can't find him anywhere. Dammit.

Skipped further ahead.

Took care of Lust and Envy. This time it was Pride. Seams to be a pattern if killed by Homunculi. So far has gone Envy/Lust/Pride. Maybe if I kill them all?

He was handed another book.

Well, fuck. Got them all, spent most of the loop making Amestris about the safest place on the planet. I even cured the common cold, for hell's sake. Got named Führer by complete accident. And just found him. He was picking wildflowers for Gracia, by the looks of it. Got bit by some kind of snake.

Roy Mustang was starting to connect the dots, and the more he perceived the path they revealed...

He Woke Up. Always thought Al would be first. Leave the island for a freaking day and Envy caught up to him. How he found us, I have no idea. It doesn't seem plausible. Looks like it holds through while he's Awake. I'm going to have to wait for him to Wake Up again before I can deal with this. I won't keep failing him. He doesn't need to remember dying again and again.

…the more Roy's heart constricted. Was this destiny? Was Maes Hughes fated to die on the same day in every loop?

Am in Xing. He's Awake again. Used Fidelius charm. I swear if it happens again I'm sticking a padded cell in my subspace.

…

Fucking DAMMIT!

I was there! He was fine! And then I nap for five minutes. Can't tell what did it. He looks normal and the wards haven't been busted up. Next time I'm in Hogwarts, I'm stealing the Deathly Hallows. And trying a permanent sticking charm with the cloak.

Is an Admin responsible for this? Or is it some glitch in the system?

An insidious thought entered Roy's mind. Despite all the preventive measures Edward had tried over these countless loops, he had never tried one thing: did Fullmetal ever try to kill someone else in Maes' place?

He quashed it immediately. No! There had to be a way. Something Elric had overlooked. There had to be a way to do this without sacrificing another innocent. Yggdrasil had an unlimited number of branches. Unlimited potential. A limitless inventory of *methods* they could try.

Roy flipped through the pages, eyes skimming every entry as fast as humanly possible.

How do you die holding items that are supposed to make you master of death?!

Whoever told me a phoenix down and faeries will help can go to hell.

…

Fused Loop this time. Met a ninja who told me he can resurrect the dead. Tried to bring him back a week after the funeral. He tells me his 'jutsu' doesn't work and something is stopping him from bringing back his body. How is this possible? I can see Zombie Marcoh standing right in front of me!

Roy skipped ahead to the very end, hoping to see a breakthrough. Anything. But the last entry did nothing to appease the despondency

clawing at him from within.

Hughes talked to me today. He think's I'm obsessing and says it's going to drive me insane. He got his first Fused Loop. And shinigami powers. Ha-freaking-ha. Hughes the 'death god'. That's ironic. Or sick, I can't decide. He doesn't seem to die when he's in someone else's world, only ours. He says he'll just have to learn to 'live with it.' (Dammit, Hughes, if you joke about this one more time I swear I'll burn your freaking picture stash.)

I'm not sure what to do anymore. He seems exhausted from all our attempts. I'm pretty fucking tired of it all myself. For every attempt written in these, there's probably another ten I haven't bothered to write down. Writing it all started to feel pretty freaking meaningless after trying for so long.

I can only respect his wishes and back off, though I'll still ask any new Loopers I meet if they have any idea what the hell this is about.

Roy sat, leaning against a tree. Numb.

"It probably sounds terrible, but there are worse things." Hughes slouched back on the other side. He let out a jaded chuckle. "Death starts to lose a fair deal of meaning when you've been around long enough."

To everyone else, the laugh was acceptance. He accepted he was going to die no matter what he did, whether they sought help from other loopers or not.

To Roy, the laugh was *resignation* . Hughes was his closest friend. "Learning to live with it" was not something he'd say to dismiss Edward's search for a way out. He heard his own melancholy being reflected right back at him with that laugh.

But instead of sinking deeper and deeper into an opaque, unfathomable pit, he felt anger instead. Yggdrasil spanned infinitely,

and all they needed was one - just **one** - workable solution. How many attempts had Fullmetal done? Tens? Hundreds? Thousands?

Even if he met failure a million times, that number merely *scratched the surface* of all the possible solutions to this inscrutable problem. Roy Mustang believed the solution was out there somewhere. Simply because the Loops seemed endless right now didn't mean shit to him. Once the Admins repaired the World Tree, then what? He'd have died for good, after squandering the countless 'lives' they had to find something that worked?

"You're looking at it wrong," he said through clenched teeth. It took all he had from yelling at his best friend.

"I'm keeping myself and Edward sane," Hughes replied tiredly. "It's the most important thing. It is far too easy to get hung up on our problems. I think we learned a valuable lesson today, scaring the shit out of you like that. I spoke to Twilight Sparkle about this one. Shush." He replied at Roy's look of incredulity. "It's rather easy to find yourself forgetting that non-loopers are human too. We owe it to them to take care of ourselves, and take care of their world."

"I said you're looking at it **wrong** !" he exclaimed. "You keep on telling yourself that we can get too distracted with our own problems when we need to take care of the world." Roy ogled Edward's stick. "But aren't you forgetting what Fullmetal did? He became Führer. He stopped **everything** - all the tragic things *they* caused in the baseline, **by himself** .

"Everything except you!" Roy said, water glistening his eyes. "And how many Loops do you think we'll have before the administration gets this fixed? What if that was ten million? With that attitude you have, you can easily squander them all and by the time it's over, you're **gone** , and you'll never see Gracia grow old with you. You'll never see Elicia grow up."

"But I could also miss the time I *do* have with them now worrying about a future that could be eons away. I looked at the time Ed spent

trying to save me, and realized how few of my loops I spent with the two people who matter most to me." A ghost of a smile traced his lips. "Roy, I've decided that I want to live in a way that, if I died tomorrow - for good - I would have no regrets. Hell, I've learned the hard way how that can happen."

"And if Gracia or Elicia Wake Up, what will you do?"

"Then I will discuss it with my wife, and with my child. And we will decide as a family what path to tread from there."

"That path will be easier to tread when you know for sure saving you is impossible," Roy rebutted. "Hughes, your daughter **wept** at your funeral. They couldn't bury you because you had work to do, she said. And, she… she never stopped crying." His fingernails carved furloughs into his palms. "She never stopped. I can still hear her sobbing in my ear. I can't bear to hear that again, Maes."

Loop 16 (The Best Use of Central Comand)

GoldenGriffiness

Al grinned, gesturing at the building he had somehow legally acquired.

Ed was less pleased. The building was coated, floor roof and ceiling, in carpeting, lined with cat-patterned curtains, and chock full of the furry little devils themselves.

"My home for all the alley cats of Ametris!" Al finished enthusiastically. As another wave of kittens were ushered into the fish-smelling structure. "It'll be a plantation! A Persian plantation!"

"Quoting Disney movies is not going to stop me from dissembling you!" Ed hissed, sounding rather like one of the furry beasts himself.

"That's supposed to be Central Command!" Soon Al was being chased, laughing hysterically at his brother's tumultuous expression.

Loop 17 (Technicalities Don't Matter)

(MLP/FMA)

GoldenGriffiness

He flipped up part of his automail arm to reveal a big red button, and gleefully pressed it. It'd been hell to hide from Winry, too. Twilight, now 'Titania Elric', had ended up as their third sibling this loop, and had been happy to help him perfect what in his opinion was ponykind's best idea ever.

He knelt to clap, before slamming his hands onto the ground and causing spears of rock shaped like Mei's thrown weapons to sprout from the ground, each adorned with a array.

His arm beeped. The speaker and radio had also been hard to hide from Winry, pocketed from the Trek universe.

His arm purred like a kitten before a whirring, and then Twilight's voice was heard. "Orbital Alkehestry Cannon loaded."

Ed grinned. "Fire when ready." Now *technically* it was an alchemic reaction of a kind, bridged to Earth by the dragon pulse and the setup he'd done. But nobody needed to know that, so it wasn't actually a cannon. So what?

"Firing in 3… 2…1…."

The sound was amazing. The earth seemed to rumble, and when the light of transmutation faded, Father had become a statue, the Philosopher's Stone that made up Father's power having been scattered to the air.

As the people gathered to fight stared, Edward strolled forward and casually transmuted his automail hand into a giant hammer, and began beating the statue to dust.

"What's that banging?" came Roy's plaintive question as the others stared. When no response was made, he tried again.

"Lieutenant? Hawkeye? What's going on? Why aren't we fighting?"

Hawkeye massaged her head, feeling a headache coming on. "Edward, sir. That's the only answer I have for you…"

Loop 18 (Prideful Wrath)

GoldenGriffiness

"This is the end of you, Pride!" Edward shouted dramatically, running at the homunculus with blade poised.

Right before his philosopher's stone ran out, Wrath blinked.

"But I'm *Wrath,* " he muttered before very dramatically dying under a slew of attacks from Ed. Ed had perfected a technique to turn blood acidic, which worked wonders to destroy a homunculus' stone with each consecutive hit. He'd engraved the circle for it on his metal hand and learned to hold it steady when he transmuted it into a weapon.

Behind him, Al sweatdropped in the bodiless way only Al can. "Brother, I know we don't remember which is our Baseline loop, but still, can't you just try to remember which set of homunculi is from there?"

"Now Al." Ed flipped his hair dramatically over his shoulder and waved one bloodsoaked metal finger at his brother. "That would imply that their names were worth remembering. Half our other

variants, they swap anyway. *Way* too much effort. I need the time to figure out how to properly transmute a perfect pot of stew."

"...Wouldn't that require some form of milk being within five feet of you, brother?"

"Shut up, Al."

Loop 19.1

Harosata

Edward knew the Colonel was going to be up to something when he came over to dinner, but... "Roy...what is this?"

Roy simply dug into his meal. "It's a steak."

Edward eyed the piece of meat... "There's an alchemy circle on the plate."

"It has an intricate design on it, does it not?" Roy took a sip of his wine.

"There's also some specks of tar and...rat poison?"

"Thankfully, it was added before the transmutation. You gonna finish it?"

Edward shoved the plate away. "No thanks. Dessert doesn't involve any alchemy, does it?"

"No alchemy circles." Roy honestly replied. He then grabbed the steak, put paper and keys on it, and then zapped the ingredients with lightning. "Jello!"

Loop 19.2 (**Tin Foil + Playing cards + Lightning = Greatest Hits CD)**

(Inspired by a online generator.)

(Gamerex27)

Slowly, Ed and Al turned to stare at each other.

"Uh...how?" Al asked, scratching the back of his helmet.

"I have no...let's retrace our steps," Ed said, sighing. "Mustang was using some alchemical exchanges that should *not* be possible, so I decided to see how alchemy's different this Loop. I wanted to laminate my Magic: The Gathering deck so it wouldn't get torn up when *someone* tries to play Chaos Confetti again. So I tossed the deck on a transmutation circle for artificially making plastic out of other materials.

"And...then I tried to open my Pocket to get some cat food for some of the kitties I was looking after this Loop," Al recalled. "But some of the food I had in the fridge from the last Hub Loop spilled out. The leftover pizza, I think. The food fell out of the tinfoil I wrapped it in, and the foil...kind of drifted into the circle."

"And I activated it before I saw that you'd contaminated it," Ed finished. "Alright. That explains why the transmutation went wrong. The alchemical lightning circles always calls up was channeled through the tinfoil, disrupting the intended results. But..."

He leaned down, picking up the plastic case on the spent transmutation circle. He opened it, and stared at the writing on the disc.

The Greatest Hits of Princess Celestia.

"Why *this* ?!" he asked. "And how the hell is it *hers?!* "

"...Isn't she a bad singer? Uh, I don't mean to be rude..." Al quickly added.

"No, *everyone* knows Celestia's a crap singer outside of those magic songs," Ed told his brother. "But how'd the *Loop-?"*

"Maybe Truth is just playing a prank on us?"

"...makes about as much sense as anything else in Yggdrasil."

Loop 20 (Gold-Eyed-Edward)

(FMA/Twilight)

(GoldenGriffiness)

"You have got to be shitting me." Edward stared grumpily into the mirror. Sunlight poured through the fancy windows and pooled in the expensively furnished room. His throat burned terribly, and a deep hunger gouged at his belly. Or perhaps a thirst, rather.

He mainly looked the same. This loop had granted him height for once, and his hair was shorter and more spiked than usual. His eyes were the usual glowing shade of golden- if a little more unearthly than usual.

"No one hears about this. Ever." Edward muttered grumpily at his reflection.

He was *not* supposed to sparkle, dammit! That was Armstrong's job!

Loop 21

FMA/Xenoblade Chronicles

Gamerex27

Al blinked.

Awakening was usually disorienting. Going right from a flesh and blood body to the cold, empty void of the armor at the start of a new Loop would do that to anyone.

But his artificial body didn't usually have eyes to actually *blink* .

And he certainly didn't have *twelve* of them.

" **Wha-** "

" **Oh, *perfect.* Another one of *these* Loops.** "

Al heard a heavy sigh that would shake the heavens, and caused the waters he was standing in to part.

He looked ahead of him. Directly in front of him stood a colossal white creature, about as big as a continent. Plates and spines of bone covered most of its body, but it was difficult to see over the lush jungles, dry desert plains and grassy fields covering its form.

" **Um...who are you?** "

Alphonse could see the titan's gigantic eyes slowly blink, eyelids that could dwarf Central City flipping up and down. " **You're...not Meyneth?** "

" **What's going on?** "

Al looked down at himself. Rather than the grey steel of his armor, he was made entirely out of jet-black metal, gears spurting from and encircling his shoulders. He took a shaking step backwards, the sea splashing up around his gargantuan leg, the multitude of black wings flapping to keep him on balance.

" **Hang on...are you a Looper?** " the other giant asked.

" **Um...yes!"** Al said quickly. " **Where am I?** "

" **I'm...I'm Shulk. I'm the Anchor for my Loop,** " he explained. " **Er...usually, I'm just a homs *living* on the Bionis. This is only the...second, I think...time that I've *been* it."**

" **I'm...not sure I understand.** "

" **Right. Basically, we're supposed to fight, and knock each other into stasis. Life starts growing on us in the next few thousand years or so, and then they go to war.** " Shulk's massive arm moved to scratch the back of his colossal head. " **Mainly because the bloke *running* the Bionis is a genocidal maniac who grows and kills off life on himself to keep him fueled. Stealing ether energy from them.** " He paused. **"My Admin has to create a 'Grima Patch' to make sure he didn't Loop with me, since I die before I Wake Up and he uses me as a vessel."**

" **Oh.** " Al was silent for a few seconds, as he processed this. " **Do...do we *HAVE* to fight?** " he carefully asked.

" **I...I don't think we need to,** " Shulk considered. " **I mean, *you're* powered by ether, so I can just *give* it to you rather than you having to steal it. And I've done enough experimenting with ether that I *think* I can use some water turbines to generate them. The problem is..."**

"What?"

"...the Bionis ends up cutting off your arm, and a civilization grows on the hand that's really important in stopping the war. And the only place I can get the pieces big enough...is you. "

Both titans were silent for a few...minutes? Days? Weeks? Al wasn't sure how quickly or slowly they were speaking. His perception of time was shot out the window at the moment.

" **Oh, you regrow it later on though!"** Shulk remembered. " **Um...this is going to sound awful...but...can I cut off your arm?** "

If he were still human, Al would have gone rather pale at that. He considered Shulk's request for some time.

" **...Alright,"** he agreed. " **If it means that we don't have to fight, then sure. Just make it quick.** "

In the span of a few units of time, Shulk raised the blade of light in his arm, and slashed off Alphonse's arm.

As he expected, there was no pain, since he was a machine at the moment. The avalanche of alarms screaming in his ear canals that he had taken critical damage served the same effect that pain feedback would have done, though.

" **So...now what?**

"I...think we need to wait. " Shulk paused for a bit. " **We...should find some way to pass the time? What happens in *your* Loop?** "

Several thousand years later, Reyn Awoke in bed.

"Oi, Shulk," he moaned, sitting up, " *tell* me when you hijack the Bionis again, willya? I almost fell off the damn thing, and died!"

"Five more minutes, Al," a mechanical voice echoed beside him.

"Get up, lazy gears!" Reyn said, jumping out of bed and yanking the covers off. "The turbines ain't gonna...run...themselves."

He trailed off as his brain caught up with his mouth and Loop memories.

Reyn stared at the red-painted Mechon in bed. His housemate. At least, he *hoped* it was just his housemate. Genderless or not, he

didn't swing that way. Not that he *minded* that, or really gave a damn about the subject, but-

Slowly, the robot's golden optics flickered open. Its organic replacement arm, grown by one of Bionis's many experimenal laboratories to "pass the time," (as the god insisted), slowly lifted up to feel it's face.

Then, it pointed at Reyn, as Edward Elric's central processor finished reading his Loop Memories and realized what was going on.

Reyn stared at the multi-limbed and twice-as-big-as-himself Mechon right next to him.

Edward stared at Reyn.

His missile launcher went off in surprise as he tried to process the myriad new stimuli from his systems, and hit Reyn in the foot.

And both of them started screaming.

Loop 22

GoldenGriffiness

Mustang winced, staring at the mountains on his desk unhappily. If there was one thing worse than paperwork it was repeating the same paperwork.

Again and again.

Forever.

Damn loops.

Loop 23 (Overdone to Death)

GoldenGriffiness

Ed Skywalker looked on with a bored expression as Father, decked in metallic armor approached swung the red lightsaber at him. "Let me guess, you're my father?"

He lobbed off Darth Father's head before anything more could be said. "Yeah, the name sorta gave it away. Besides the fact that this has be overdone to all hell, or so I've heard."

Loop 24.1

Music to My Ears

The Silent Insomniac

"That, is, **IT** !"

Roy slammed his hands on the table, glaring at his most abominable enemy, the despicable bastard he faced in every Loop, again and again and again, refusing to give up, always tormenting him whenever he Woke up.

PAPERWORK .

He had to deal with it if he Woke up before the Ishval War.

He had to deal with it if he Woke up after the Ishval War.

And by God, he had to deal with it **even if he found himself** in the civil war after the goddamn reset!

"I keep filling up these stupid things again, over and over and over…"

Havoc gave him the odd look from the cubicles right outside his office. "Uh, Mustang, sir, are you okay?"

"No, I'm **not** okay!" Colonel Mustang gestured to the enormous piles of paperwork stacked up on his desk. There were at least five, almost as tall as Edward was short. How they stood still without the laws of physics breaking it apart baffled him. "I have to go through **this** bullshit every *fucking* Loop -

"What's a Loop?" Riza asked, stepping back a little at the crazy words coming out of his mouth.

An Awake Hughes patted Riza's shoulder, suddenly entering the office in an inhuman display of agility. "Forgive Roy-boy. Looks like he's finally caught it."

"'Caught it'?" she reiterated. She gazed back at Roy. "Is the Colonel all right? Maybe we should take him to -

"The clinic?"

"I meant the mental ward."

Hughes snorted. "Hold your *horses* , Hawkeye. He's just having the bureaucratic blues! Doesn't happen too often, but it's when you just go **crazy** from all the paperwork you gotta do. **All** officers go through this at one point or another." Mustang noticed how slyly he guided her towards the door, or how his hand slipped into his pockets. "Why, let me tell you about the one time I got saddled on with so much paperwork, Gracia **never** let me live it down for a month!"

And as predicted, Maes whipped out three photographs of Gracia. Not a smiling one, but photos of her absolutely livid at him. Referring to his In-Loop memories, Roy had *never* seen these pictures in this Loop . Maybe he kept his subspace in his pockets? "See, look at

this! Look at my wonderful wife! Oh God, even when she's pissed off, she's still so cuuuuuuuuuuuuute and -

"No need to regale me with your exciting tales, Lt. Colonel," she said quickly. "I'll have to go to the restrooms now, if you don't mind."

Roy smirked. Smooth job, that one.

Hughes shut the door after her and locked it. Now they were out of sight. Even Havoc or the others wouldn't be able to see inside from the cubicles. In fact, they probably couldn't be heard. Roy almost facepalmed at that; oh God, if rumors about the two of them started popping up because of this…

"Yo, you alright?"

Roy Mustang sighed. "What do you **think** , Maes?"

He chuckled. "Looks like tall, handsome, and *broody* is starting to crack. We told you trying to take every loop seriously would start to break you."

"I don't see **you** taking a beating from all this documentation we have to do! I don't know how the hell you can even take it. It's the same damn thing, every time! The same crime, the same report. The same **everything** !"

Maes leaned closer to him. "Heh, Roy, Roy, Roooooy. That's because I have other things to look forward to." He smirked, whipping out a picture of Gracia before slipping it back in subspace. " **If** you know what I mean."

Roy collapsed on his chair and crossed his arms. "Hmph."

"C'mon, man. You got to take a page from the Elrics' book and loosen up a little! You're the only one who's taking this Looping thing a *little too* seriously. Remember the first time you Woke up?"

He shuddered at the memory of the Fuhrer's throne room desecrated by an army of confounded soldiers bearing that goddamn face and Fullmetal lounging on the throne.

"Look, Roy, just this once, why don't you just take it easy? Have fun! It's not like you won't get another chance to do this all over again, right?"

Colonel Roy Mustang looked up at Lieutenant Colonel Maes Hughes. He ogled him - *glared* intensely into Hughes' eyes with a deep frown plastered on his face. The awkward silence between the two of them spanned for such a long time Maes had begun to backpedal away from Roy muttering inaudible apologies.

Hughes broke the silence first. "Okay, Roy, I think I should check to see if Ed's Awake so we can get that thick stick out of your -

A slip of the gloves.

A snap of the fingers.

WHOOOOOSH.

Flames engulfed the massive pile of classified, military documents and turned them all into ash.

Maes gaped, flabbergasted at the sudden transmutation. "A-a-ah… ah-buh, ah-buh, ah-buh…"

" *Oh dear God! What's going on in there?"*

"You know what, Maes?"

" *Colonel! I heard Alchemy going off - oh* shit *, the door's locked!"*

"...w-w-w-what?"

"That. Felt. **GOOD** ."

"Ha! I knew I'd get through to you eventually!" Hughes grinned. "So what's next for you, my dear Colonel?"

Roy matched his best friend's smirk with a wider one. "Let's head out and **burn it all!** "

"Uhm, Roy?"

"What? I meant the paperwork. You know I detest the stuff."

"Just checking." Maes gestured to the door. "After you, *sir* ."

"With pleasure."

Loop 25 (Dogs of the Militairy)

GoldenGriffiness

"You have got to kidding me." Roy barked unhappily, bushy black tail tucked between his legs.

"It's really not that uncommon of a loop." Ed yipped from his place hidden under Mustang's desk, now assuming the form of a small golden Corgi. "'Being dubbed 'dogs of the militairy' is more exscuse than Yggdrasil usually has for half the shit it pulls. Now, all game for getting the hell out of here before Hawkeye decides to 'train' us with firearms?"

Loop 26(Snappy Snappy Boom Boom)

(FMA/ATLA)

GoldenGriffiness,TheSilentInsomniac

"Does someone want to tell me why he is here?" Sokka asked frantically, waving one hand in Avatar Ed's face and the other at the smirking Combustion Man, who's tattooed hands were lazily wrapped around a bottle of scotch, the eyes sharp contrast to the pale skin.

"I'm starting to like your original name of Snappy Snappy Boom Man better." Was all Ed decided to contribute to the fairly nonsensical conversation.

"Don't push it, *shortstuff* ," replied the Combustion Man, onyx eyes twinkling dangerously.

Toph Beifong howled. " **HA** ! I like him already."

Sokka's eyes widened so much they almost popped out of its sockets. "YIIII! HE TALKS!"

" **WHO YOU CALLING SO SHORT A BABY MIDGET LEMUR DOESN'T NEED TO FLY TO BE TALLER THAN HIM!"**

"Ed?" All turned to Wintara. "Do you two, uh, actually know each other?"

15-

Poor Roy. Having friends conveniently resurrected is never simple, is it?

16-

Clearly Al has had one to many Disney Loops, and Ed's sick of it.

17-

Final Battles are totally best won by imitation friendship beams! Nothing anybody says will convince me different!

Don't worry, your not the only one confused by what's the Animeverse, Brotherhoodverse and Mangaverse. Ed is to!

19-

Yggdrasil clearly isn't fond of sane Alchemy, as I doubt it's Truth playing them for fools. Then again, when is Yggry a fan of ANYTHING sane?

Bound to happen sometime. Just avoid the rabid Twilight Haters and Team Jakeup (Or especially Team Edward) fangirls and you should be alright, Ed.

Not much to say here, I don't know the context. Except Ed isn't homophobic, just spoken for. (Read:Winry)

On another note, we are now offering tours of the Greet Paperworkian Mountains. Roy says they might as well be usefull for SOMETHING. Wonder how long until he snaps... Pun intended.

23-

INTERNET MEEMS! Ed is onto you!

24.1-

Oh there we go. This can only end badly.

25-

Seriously, don't tempt Yggry to pun. It WILL follow through.

26-

Wonder if he'd like Combustion Man better?

And Further Now, The Road Goes On

Loop 26

GoldenGriffiness

Mustang crowed inwardly as he pulled he warded his office,kicking back with his arms pillowed behind his head and feet up on his desk. Around him, three dozen quick quotes quills and three shadow clones did his job for him.

Looping could be a wonderful thing.

Loop 27

The Danger of Children's Card Games

(GoldenGriffiness)

Hair gel + Wiffle ball + Fire = Playing cards

"What the hell happened this time?" Ed said, staring at the deck of seamingly innocent Yu-Gi-Oh cards that should NOT have appeared in baseline helplessly.

"Well you were getting rid of those buckets of hair gel from the last Yu-Gi-Oh loop. Then the whiffle ball hit you in the back of the head. Brother, why were you wearing Roy's gloves again?"

""He's not awake and I was bored." Ed grumbled back. "Yeah, and I snapped by accident and set it on fire…. then it landed in the transmutation circle you were sketching at the same moment I accidently knocked over the gel… And then this happened?" He poked the deck warily with a stick. Childrens cardgames were serious business."We might want to burn them, they're *all* possession cards. Mostly numbers, some earthbounds… God knows what they'd do here."

Al laughed dryly. "Hey brother, remember when playing cards weren't dangerous?"

Ed sighed. "I dream of those simpler days."

Another snap set the offending deck on fire.

Loop 28

'Little'foot

(GoldenGriffiness)

Ed awoke to a weary voice."Littlefoot, let your heart guide you.. It whispers, so listen closely…"

Ed grit his stubby teeth, looking at the bespectacled sauropod's Amestrian-uniform and glasses. Oh hell no. He reached his long neck into his subspace and grabbed his wand, shooting off a few healing charms before climbing up the long spine and dumping a red potion, spirit gems, nectar from the lilies of life, a fairy and a pheonix down.

Oh good,. Apparently, Land Before Time or not, this world was still displaced enough that the homeloop's 'must kill hughes' crap wasn't carrying over.

He then pinged, and realized that Maes was awake- and female, judging by his loop memories.

And his mother.

And he had "Little" in his name again. DAMNIT! If Maes had been awake to name him that, something would burn.

Loop 29

Lost Friends

GoldenGriffiness

Ed was shaken awake at goddamn freaking 0300 in the morning, eyes peeling open to reveal a face lacking its usual Chesire grin. The slanted eyes were wide, the mouth slightly parted, and he was covered in sweat.

Ed, as you would expect from someone just woken up in the middle of the night, responded to this by swinging up his freshly added automail arm and pounding. The pound of metal against flesh broke him from his dazed panic, and he sat up blinking bleerily. Ling had crashed into the wall and slumped, face and limbs plastered flat against the wall at uncomfortable angles, butt still sticking up in the air.

"Uh… Ooops?...Sorry?"

"N-No no," Came the weak groan, one hand poking up in the Amestrian peace symbol. "I-I'm alright."

Ed rubbed his face. Did he have to get a new port? Clearly he was hurting from recent surgery, he could have sworn it was early in the loop, but he'd been studying equestrian magic, so their was always the possibility he'd… No. No, he was *sure* he hadn't met Ling yet this loop.

"Ling?" Ed asked, all grogginess fleeing.

"So I've been told." Came the muffled reply. "Ed, what *happened* to me?"

It had been some time since the last looper, and he'd never quite expected Ling. Honestly, he'd been hoping for Winry. Then again, he'd ALWAYS been hoping for Winry.

"Tell me, Ling, do you remember Greed?" That seemed ambiguous enough not to cause an Unawake Ling an existential crisis if he was

wrong...Hopefully. However much Greed had gotten better, that was one thing Ed did his best never to let happen again.

The muted pain that flashed in Ling's eyes was answer enough. The grief of watching a friend pass on without you. The grief of not being able to stop it.

Ed knew that feeling. Knew it again every time a loop ended. He drew a deep breath into his lungs before releasing it- forcing himself to gather his strength for what had to come next. "Hey Ling, help me sit on the edge of the bed. I just got these on, I'm still a mess."

"Yeah, sure. Just don't hit me again." Ling rose with a grown. "That was a hell of a slap, Edward. *Ouch."*

"Don't wake up people in their house in the middle of the night before you're supposed to show up." Came the grumpy, cryptic reply as Edward falteringly moved himself to sit on the edge of the bed. "Alright, what do you think happened Ling? However insane it sounds, I won't bug you about it."

Ling blinked at him. Ed understood why the prince must be confused. There was little of the teasing animosity he was used to in Ed now. He knew how old he looked- if not in body, then in his eyes. He could see the moment Ling stopped doubting his own sanity.

"Yes. Yes, Ed. I remember Greed."

Loop 30

The Idiot Prince

GoldenGriffiness

Ling took to looping better than any of the others had. After the first bit of terror, he turned his mind on pranking. To finding out how to become emperor quicker. Edward was a bit nonplussed at just how *well* he took to it, when he wasn't being annoyed at just how

ridiculous some of his pranks were. Why the hell did everyone insist on screwing with central command? It just drove Mustang, Awake or not, batshit nuts and he was left to pick up the shattered pieces of his unawake superior. And the country. Fuhrer-Metal King wasn't an experience he enjoyed undertaking, but he was often forced to it lest he leave the Sleepers to rot.

How did Ling even pull off half this crap while being such a new looper? How the hell do you fill Central command up with dumplings? Or make the Bastard's gloves create blasts of chicken-noodle soup rather than fire? Or turn the Fuhrer into a fluffy white rabbit? He KNEW Ling hadn't had a Hogwarts loop yet. He wasn't spilling about what his first fusion loop was, but it must have been a hell of a doozy. He wore the black teleportation belt with pride, though, and abused the strange healing effects with abandon. He swore he should know the red and black slanty-eyed sigil from somewhere.

Ed broke from his musings, walking into Central with a sigh. At least Ling should not be awake this loop, he'd sensed no other pings before…

" **LIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGG!"**

The clouds dripped syrup, mounds of ice-cream snow littled the ground. Noodles covered many of the buildings, dog-sized animated crab apple dumplings scurried in the melting must of ice cream and mashed potatoes that had flooded the streets. He could see the military scrambling around and bursts of fire as Mustang must be trying to melt the endless piles of frozen treats.

" **Get your ass out here you squinty-eyed food-obsessed idiot prince!"**

Loop 31

(FMA/Warhammer)

Evilhumor

Commissar Roy Mustang, HERO OF THE IMPERIUM!, did *not* do his best not to laugh his head off as the sight of the two Primarch.

"Har har, *very* funny," Ed grumbled, pacing back and forth. "This is just *not* fair." The Primarch whined, sitting down in his massive chair.

"It seems to be one of those things that Yggdrasil likes to do brother," Al responded, stroking the kitten he had found in his massive, red hands. "At least you can say towered over nearly all of the human population at long last."

"Al, two things," Ed raised an eyebrow at his brother. "One, I did some research on this Alpharius figure I am replacing and even when I am seven feet tall, I'm *still* so damn short!" Ed shouted, smashing his fists into the table, with Roy barely stopping himself from rolling on the floor. Sighing, the Primarch of the XX Legion looked at the one eye cyclops of the XV Legion. "Secondly, where the *hell* do you keep finding cats?! I'm pretty sure that they are *extinct!* "

That did it for Roy, on ground gasping for air.

Loop 32

(FMA/Hub World)

Issues Wrought By Elricest Shippers (Or you know you have problems when Al is gunning for you)

GoldenGriffiness

"What did you do this time..." Al asked, eyeing Ed suspiciously. The older of the two was almost mummified by duct tape and stuck with a permanent sticking charm to a therapy couch.

"Noooothing. At least nothing you need to be concerned with, Al."

"Brother." Al had that 'I give no shits for your bull excuses' expression the armor actually **HELPED** him express.

"Fiiiiine. I might have made a video to upload onto youtube..."

"In the hub?" Al would have raised a eyebrow if he could.

"Yep..."

"What of, Brother?

"I uh... made a illusion behind me of graphic dyeing puppies and announced that every time fangirls ship me with anyone besides Winry, a puppy dies... And... Uh..."

"And...?"

"E...Every time they ship me with *you* thirty puppies die..."

Al shook his head. "Brother, that's not going to any good against rabid yaoi fangirls. Or boys." He patted Ed's shoulder. "They aren't worth it Ed."

"I know... Still..."

"Besides!" Al's eyes sparked. "Puppy killing isn't nearly strong enough!" He held up a fistfull of apple-red sticks. "Idiot *'Elricest'* -" He gagged- "fans need dynamite! Looooooots of dynamite!"

Loop 33

(MLP/FMA)

(Gamma Cavi)

Twilight awoke reading the book of legends. The first thing she noticed, was that it mentioned two brothers who ruled instead of two

sisters. *Buck* , she thought, it's one of *those* Loops. Then she paused, as a passage about the elder brother caught her eye. .. *.and as time passed the elder grew resentful of the fact that he was constantly mistaken for the younger of the two, and teased about his smaller stature. In rage he took on the name Mountain Height, and created immense monuments out of buildings, causing earthquakes as they rose, each monument proclaiming that he, Prince Mountain Height, was not short! The younger prince, Steel Soul, attempted to reason with him, but to no avail. And it was when Mountain Height attempted to embed the Elements of Harmony into his statue that they reacted, banishing him to the sun for a thousand years.*

Twilight frowned. Mountain Height's rampage was familiar somehow...

She sent out a ping, and felt two responses. Not the Element ping, but the basic Looper ping. So the princes – or some other presumably non-local loopers, but odds were it was the princes - were awake. But who were they...

"...AND NOW WITH MY HEIGHT SURPASSING MY LITTLE BROTHER, NO ONE WILL **EVER** CALL ME SHORT AGAIN!" Mountain Height proclaimed from atop a statue of himself, golden mane flaming, before vanishing in a crackle of blue light, of the sort that only prince Steel Soul used to travel.

The rainbow impacted slammed into Mountain Height, and a gold colored alicorn, who looked like a half grown foal, except for the mane aura of sunlight and blue sparks, was left behind. Blue light flared, and Steel Soul appeared. The Unawake Element Bearers hit the floor.

"Oh get up," the prince said, "and thank you all so much, you managed to knock some sense into my brother, Prince Full Metal." he turned to the other alicorn. "It's been ages since I've seen you Brother. I've missed you!"

"Yeah, me too Al. I mean Steel. Are there any new alchemists yet?" Twilight finally realized who the guest loopers were.

During the obligatory Pinkie Party later, Twilight heard the princes catching up, then an argument broke out between Full Metal and the youngest prince, Fire Starter. It seemed Fire Starter had implied Full Metal was short. Twilight smiled. Some things apparently never changed, from what Silver had said about these three.

Misc.

Looping Edward Elric Short rant compilation:

(GoldenGriffiness)

" **WHO YOU CALLING A HOBBIT SO MICROSCOPIC TINKERBELL COULDN'T TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY?"**

" **SHUT UP AND STOP CALLING ME NEMO WHO COULD NEVER BE FOUND!"**

" **WHO YOU CALLING A BUG SO TINY NAVI COULD SQUASH HIM BY ACCIDENT?"**

" **WHAT DO YOU MEAN I MAKE ANTMAN FEEL BETTER ABOUT HIS STATURE?"**

" **IF YOU CALL ME A HALFLING ONE MORE TIME I SWEAR I'LL STICK YOUR *******ING ****** UP YOUR ********, *******, ******* ELVISH ASS!"**

" **WHO YOU CALLIN A OOMPAH-LOOMPAH WITH A NAPOLEON COMPLEX?"**

" **NO, I AM NOT RELATED TO THUMBALINA!"**

" **WHO YOU SAYING IS FLITWICK'S LONG LOST SON?"**

" **SHUT THE HELL UP! I AM *NOT* THE LOVECHILD OF BUMBLEBEE AND TINKERBELL!"**

" **I'M NOT A FIVE-YEAR-OLD GREMLIN MIDGET!"**

" **NO! I DON'T NEED A HIGH-CHAIR TO SEE THE SCREEN ON THE ENTERPRISE!"**

" **NO, I AM NOT A DEKU SCRUB WITH TAN FACEPAINT!"**

Loop 34

(FMA/Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron)

I Like You Better When You Don't Talk

(GoldenGriffiness)

"He's an alchemist. Not as tall as the Alkehists, not a fine-featured as the Homunculi."

Little-Ed had to forcibly stop himself at rolling his eyes. Oh, the things that fused loops did to dialogue were often amusing, even to the point of him ignoring the 'not as tall as' comment, especially since the only alkehist he knew was a certain chibi with a panda-obsession.

His in-loop memories had somewhat giving him a immunization for the loop, what with it meshing his name and Little Creek's into "Little Ed."

He was glad it was a lonely loop. Verry, verry glad. He'd actually seen this movie, to, which was always a plus. And amusing, as he'd found it in Roy's office after another instance of alchemy deciding to go batshit insane for that loop. (Apparently alfalfa, a eagle feather, and Mustang's gloves became a Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron DVD. Go Figure.)

As he was hustled to the post, mentally bemoaning yet another loop where the subspaces were mysteriously absent and the out-of-loop powers, including alchemy, nullified. He was pretty sure Yggdrasil hated him.

He had to hold back a snort when he saw the dark blue-ish horse fighting the post, black mane and tail swishing irritably and white red-tipped hooves carving angry furoughs into the dirt. Even on a horse, the aloof yet pissed-off expression was far too easy to recognize.

"Oh, you have got to be shitting me…." Ed muttered as the two met gazes.

In retrospect, maybe the pretty yellow horse called Hawk-Feather taking the place of Rain should have been the first clue.

"I don't suppose you're subspace is open?" Ed asked Roy later that night. He'd been trying to antagonize the soldiers into throwing the knife, but the leader from the movie had been turned into the female Armstrong, creating a much more competent set.

The horse gave him the flattest of flat looks, one ear twitching back and a hind leg raising like he was ready to kick something. Ed could see that he'd already been fixed up by the cropped mane and tail and scorched mark on his withers. He had also seen Buccaneer walking around with various injuries, though.

The brown-skinned native American sighed, shaking his long black bangs from his eyes. "Alright, I get it, I get it." He thought for a moment. "Hey, can you reach that rock by the fence? Kick it at me, it looks sharp enough."

A goose-egg and a thump later had Ed cursing softly. "How the hell did you *aim* that thing?"

A amused wicker was his only reply. Ed couldn't help but chuckle. "Still a smartass, bastard? I think I like you better when you can't talk!"

Mustang's teeth clicked dangerously.

"Yeah, yeah, have you actually seen this one? I know I gave it to you as a prank that one time…"

The horse studied him for a moment, before letting loose with a heavy sigh and nodding.

Ed snorted. "Alright, so with Armstrong as the good 'cap, I figure we better try to stick to storyline before everything goes to batcrap."

The towering horse stomped a foot, looking decidedly displeased at this turn of events. Ed was quite capable of figuring out why. "Hey, think of it this way. When she tries to ride you you get to chuck her over the fence."

He grinned at the grudging nod.

"Spoiled donkey." Ed shot at Roy two days later. He was doing fine with the hunger and thirst, he'd had worse. "Yggry never starved you before?"

The horse glared at him, patience clearly a fleeting thing.

Ed leaned against the post with a sigh. "Try and focus on something else, even if it's the heat. It helps."

The horse nodded with a huff. Ed couldn't help but enjoy it. He didn't have much choice but to acknowledge Ed now, and being the smug one was a nice change of pace. "So, does grass taste the same like that as in Equestria? No, huh? How so?"

He wanted to see how long it would take to tempt the bastard into a game of charades. So far, no dice. Just *really* furious glairs.

Olivier armstrong was harder for Mustang to remove than he'd hoped. He pondered trying to cut in and aid his friend several times but figured getting them both full of bullet holes wouldn't help anybody. He also knew that if Mustang gave in, especially to Olivier

and especially with Ed watching, he'd be beating himself up about it for a long time. It probably applied to having to be saved from the situation, to.

And as fun as it was to give him hell, Edward didn't want to see him broken. He'd been there to many times. He winced as Roy tried to use the trick that had won Spirit the match and only got a clap to the face and spur to the belly for it. Of course, all he really had to do was stop and roll, but Ed was sure they both saw the idiocy of killing the villain too soon.

The colonel finally froze. His endurance had never been the best out of his soldiers, and now he was a panting mess, long legs trembling.

Olivier smirked at the stands, full of faces from Briggs. "You see, soldiers? Any horse can be broken!" She kicked the spurs into his sides. "Move along, Mustang."

But then again, he'd had to be spurred (ha, resist the puns, he would not) into rebellion by the Flame Alchemist before. "Hey *Jackass* !" He hollered, making sure his best shit-eating grin was in place. "Don't go *useless* on me now!"

That got an enraged roar from the panting blue roan. Obsidian eyes frantically traveled over the available resources before snapping to a familiar blond soldier lighting a cigar with what Ed could only assume was this era's form of a lighter.

Before anyone could quite tell *what* had happened, the stallion had stolen the tool , curved his neck around, and set the 'Great Wall of Briggs'" butt alight. It was quite easy to buck her off after that.

Feeling that waiting for her to give the order was a bad idea at that point, Little Ed cut his bonds as Mustang jumped the fence. He had to grin at the mischievous- almost manic glee in his face. Some things just never change.

"Let's get the hell out of here." He muttered in the stallion's ear, clinging to his side but respectfully keeping off his back. He figured Mustang had had quite enough of that for one loop.

Little Ed threw his hands into the air as Hawk-Feather nibbled at his pocket. "I forgot, alright?" He told the corralled Colonel hadn't even let him take the tack off. "I've seen a few hundred variants of Hawkeye, alright? Seeing you both as horses is *not* that weird for me. With your name and how Yggrasil is, it was about as inevitable as all the freaking endless stature jokes I get."

Seeing Hawkeye prancing around him just as Rain would Little Creek clearly wasn't impressing Mustang, nor was seeing her act like a , being in the corral in the first place hadn't impressed Roy, but Ed hadn't seen a easy way around it with Teacher and Winry replacing the two mocking friends from the movie. They certainly wouldn't let him release a good horse, especially one stolen from the heart of the enemy.

He really wished he could access his wand to apparate them out of the situation, or at least that Hawkeye was awake. She was clearly confused, and they both hated to hurt her. Seeing endless reincarnations of his friends hurt Ed, but he'd learned to cope, especially after so many of the loops from the other form of their older anime where Earth's Hughes was a nazi and Wrath- no, it that world he was Pride- a decent man.

Mustang clearly hadn't grown used to it, though. And seeing Riza, who he had just finally started bucking up and going out with, reduced to a semi-sapient animal had to hurt. Ed would have warned him if he'd thought of it, but he had become too used to the random shit done to his friends and family alike, and hadn't remembered how many fewer variants Mustang had been exposed to. "Elizabeth" was probably the worst of it, and she was easy to avoid.

"I'm sorry, Roy, alright?" Ed finally said, expression serious as he chanced opening the gate and pacing towards him. "I know how hard it is."

The Colonel sighed, before finally allowing the dark-skinned alchemist close enough to remove the saddle and bridle.

Ed approached with the light lasso, irritation apparent. "'My' Tribe isn't impressed with my lack of effort to tame you."

Mustang looked at him, switching his tail dismissively in a clear question. 'Why should I care?'

"Because if it isn't me, Teacher wants you. And I'd rather face Armstrong than her any day." That brought a infuriated huff from the horse, clearly unimpressed at the idea of being treated like property.

"I know. Believe me. Someone tried to ship me and Al to Timbuktu once." He grumbled something about a orange wise-ass cat. "The animal loops can suck. Especially the more 'realistic' ones. *Never* get an animal fixed. You don't know who could have looped in as them."

Mustang raised an eyebrow, expression half between amusement and horror.

"Butt-out, Bastard." Ed grumbled, sighing as he leaned against the horse's side. "And don't worry. I ran the fuck away. Quickly."

Mustang whinnied in agreement.

"Regardless, we need to be seen doing something about training you. By my estimate and your hair growth in comparison to the…." Edward blinked as the confused horse butted his shoulder. "What?"

Mustang tilted his head, projecting confusion. "Uh… Oh! I was planning a prank, that's why I know the movie so well right now. Anyway, I think we have a month or so left before the attack. Why don't we start looking around the village? You will have to have the lasso on you for appearances sake, though."

The roan knickered his grudging acceptance. He clearly wasn't going to be accepting any riders, so it was the kindest option Ed could

think of without butchering the plot as he knew it. He'd rather not branch into the unknown with the Colonel in such a vulnerable position.

Roy whickered his amusement when he turned to see what the brat had done to him. His shoulders now bore the painted arrays of his alchemy, the red gleaming against the dark blue of his fur.

He had been a dragon before, he had been a lion and a pony and many other things. But this was the first time he had been without speech. It hadn't even been a possibility he'd imagined. He would have expected Fullmetal to be a ass the whole time, like he likely would have in turn. But aside from the occasional jibe, Ed seemed calm and understanding for the most part. Once again, it floored the Flame General to remember just how old Fullmetal was.

For all the gifts looping gave, it gave many more uncertainties. Fears of Waking Up to various terrible scenarios. Fears that everyone you cared for would never start looping and keep forgetting all the time you spent with them until you were as good as stranger to them.

What nearly happened to Hawkeye when she awakened haunted him, while what happened to Ed at Envy's hands ravaged his nightmares.

He knew Ed was planning to find a way to train them against that, and he hated to think what that would entail. As well as planning to give them a crash course in "How to Alphonse."

With Edward's teacher being who she was, he shuddered to think what he would come up with.

"Hey, Colonel." A hand was waving in front of one of his face. "You spaced out for a second there. Everything alright?"

Mustang snorted at him, not eager to play charades, before sending the red paint splattering over the boy with a kick.

"Horsie!" Mustang blinked, eyes alighting on the Elicia look-alike before shooting Ed a curious look.

"He was here in my loop memories but got attacked." Ed said with a sigh. "If you think I look weird with this skin, you should have seen him." He gestured at his coffee skintone. "He even managed to steal some glasses! He also loved eagle feathers. Like, obsessively. They reminded him of his 'nest' and 'family.' This Hawkeye used to be his."

He got hugged by the little girl, his nostrils played with (urg) until this loops version of Gracia came to tug her away, though Mustang was a little nonplussed at how HARD it was to identify her with brown skin and black hair.

Damnit. Can't go for a damn apple without hell breaking out behind me.

Roy launched into a gallop, Edward secure on his back. With a leap- they were over and panting, the victory feeling real enough.

They looked at each other with new understanding after that loop, and a bond of friendship stronger than mythril, despite their best attempts to hide it.

Loop 35

Fullmetal Flamethrower

GoldenGriffiness

"Well, this is unfortunate-that's all you have to say about this basta- what do you want me to say, short- **CALLING A MICROSCOPIC CORGI BEAN** -feel the need to mention I did not, at any point, say-"

Rubbing his metal head did not ease the headache Al wasn't supposed to be capable of having.

Al walked into the room, staring at the monstrosity Tucker had created. Hair a dark murky gold, eyes the same, automail

misaligned.

He thanked every deity (read: admins) he could think of that they weren't awake.

Turning those two into a chimera was not one of Tucker's finer moments. Any part that had not been clobbered by automail had either been spiked by stone or burned. The only reason he was alive was in hope he could reverse the effects.

Loop 36

FMA/Warhammer

Creator Unknown

(Creator unknown)

When Roy Woke up, he found himself locked inside a suit, burning down a monstrous creature with device attached to his arms. Around him, giants in green armor shouted war cries as they threw themselves into the battle, quickly make short work of the bug like monstrosity, with one leaping towards him.

Reacting from his instincts from his military training, he punched the bug creature as he tried to use his gloves to set it on fire only for it fail, remembering that wasn't his special gloves as the creature crashed into him.

Struggling to knock it off, there was thunder coming from behind him and suddenly the weight was off with an ear splitting *BANG!*

Looking upwards to see an even *taller* giant in green with the darkest skin he had ever seen, with eyes as red as fire itself lend down a hand towards him. "Are you alright, my gene-son?"

"Ye-yes," Roy tried to get his in-loop memories in gear, trying to delay any real interactions. "Just feeling a bit Loopy."

That caused the giant to widen his eyes a bit and a smirk graced his face. "Did that Tyranid knock you Awake solider?"

"No, but it didn't help that I Woke right before it," Roy muttered, taking the hand to pull himself straight up. "Roy Mustang, Colonial and the Fire Alchemist."

"Ah, I suppose *that's* why you've looped into my legion," The giant chuckled, slapping him on the back lightly, although Roy did stumble in his own armor. "If my Salamanders are know for anything beyond our kindness, it's our preferences to our flamers."

"Flamers?" Roy raised an eyebrow within his helmet.

With a quick click, the giant sent forth a massive torrent of fire down the battlefield, engulfing the enemy and burning them alive in seconds. "Flamers, Mustang." Chuckling once more, the giant held his hand out for Roy to take. "My name is Vulkan, and welcome to the Dark Millennium branch."

Roy shook the hand, already planning to get a copy of this armor into his pocket as soon as possible, feeling that this was going to be a *fun* loop.

Loop 37

Live Action? Really?

FMA/HUB World

(GoldenGrffiness)

Ed groaned in the Hub, staring blankly at his facebook feed as his automail twitched- tapping the metal table with an intentionally irritating squeal of Alagaizien Star-steel on steel.

"Brother." Al looked on blankly, browns creased. "It can't be that bad."

"Of course it can! I can't keep the homunculous strait between loops as is!" Ed growled, auto-mail leaving a crater in the heavy metal with a cacophonous crash. "And that's without the game divergent dropping that sue in our lap! Flowers that act like the philosophers stone- bullshit!"

Al sighed. "I thought we were through with this brother. Different universes have different rules."

"But why do they have to screw with ours more?" His head banged as he slammed his face into the table. "Stupid. Damn. New. Loop. Divergent. Bullshit. Crap." Each word was echoed by another bang.

"It might be better than usual? You don't know."

"When is our luck EVER that good? How the hell to they think they can compress everything into a movie anyway? Bah." Edward seamed to lose his will to fight, slumping into the table's cool surface.

"It could be worse." Al offered cheerfully. "We could be in Marvel or DC. Or Spyro. Have you seen Skylanders version of him? Poor thing. And I'm sure Mogli is having worries about the new Junglebook movie- not to mention all the other Disney readaptions. I'm sure Batman and Superman aren't impressed by the inevitable upcoming loops trying to pit them in a brawl, either."

"Those previews look like crap anyway." Ed muttered. "And it's not even worth trying to prank with. Never trying to prank him again."

"In retrospect, trying to prank 'The Goddamn Batman' was a monumentally stupid idea."

"Agreed." Ed's head flopped again. It was a wonder his hardheadedness did not leave a crater to match that his hand has left.

Loop 38

FMA/HP

Patronus

(GoldenGriffiness)

Al stared at Ed's patronus. His brother had done a excellent job hiding it for a long time, but no longer.

Ed merely frowned, before shaking his head and sighing. "It reminded me of you, Al, I think. I'm sure that's why." He forced a phony stern look. "Tell Mustang, and I will transmute you into a boombox and leave you stuck playing Celestia's Greatest Hits, the Newborn Cuties soundtrack, the Song That Never Ends and Justin Bieber." He shook his head again, returning to seriousness.

"I like it, Brother." Al's voice was misty where his soul-fire eyes could not be.

"I named him Noble." The admission was barely a whisper. "I know it's stupid to name a patronus, but sometimes..." Ed's fingers clenched around each other until his flesh had hurt. 'Back before anyone woke up, or lonely loops... He was all I had, you know? The only thing that couldn't just poof on me." He shut his eyes, teeth biting at his lip. 'Poof' had been spoken like the worst of curses.

"Noble. What my name means." Alphonse put a large leather gauntlet on his brother's arm, wishing for the gentle carelessness flesh had at soothing the aches of the body and mind. "I'll be with you forever, Ed, just like he will. In your memories if nowhere else."

Ed's patronus rubbed a spectral side against his master's let, a tiny silver kitten of smoak with eyes that scorched gold and protective.

26- Tuck Everlasting might disapprove of looping, but there are some perks.

27- YGO would probably be much better off if they found a way to destroy every last card. Really. Those things are a hazard to national security.

28- Loop weirdness. Hughes dies, so he replaces the one who dies. Ed is -cough- little, soo…

29- Losing a tantamount Yami isn't easy. Don't worry, Ling will get his arc soon. I just need to finish it first, and am trying to keep it relatively close to one new looper a chapter for now.

30- Lings first fusion loop (Deadpool) mighta driven a little bit nuts… He's still food obssessed, though!

31- Don't know enough about this franchise to comment, I'm afraid.

32- Seriously. Don't ship them. It's creepy.

33- About what you'd expect for a Nightmare Ed

Misk- Just something I did for the hell of it

34- Poor Roy. His name makes this just to easy. At least with Ed it's a personality flaw, not something he can't help.

35- Really this one happened because I've wanted to turn them into a chimera in my own writing for a long time and have fun making them deal with it. Unfortunately, I have a thing called a life that interferes. Meh.

36- Again, don't have anything intelligent to say here.

37- He's got more issues to come from this upcoming liveaction version than I do, and I'm enough of a skeptic for it myself.

38- I toyed with his patronus for a long time. But in the end, it had to be something that would remind him of Al, and there's only one thing for that.

Summary:

Active Loopers:

Edward Elric

First loop power: Magic. (Harry Potter)

Alphonse Elric (Looper 1)

Magic (Harry Potter)

Maes Hughes(Looper 2)

Shinigami (Bleach)

-dies every home loop, before or when he did in baseline

Roy Mustang (Looper 3)

Firebender (ATLA)

Ling Yoa (Looper 4)

Regeneration, Warping (Deadpool)